UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Thou Art Not Alone, O My Soul

By FRANK CARLETON DOAN

Wealth for Everybody

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II. Chapter XV. By M. K. GANDHI

VOLUME XCVIII NUMBER 17

Chicago, December 27, 1926

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

FRANK C. DOAN
CHARLES F. DOLE
ZONA GALE
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
H. R. MUSSEY
FRANCIS NEILSON
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. G. Leonard, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

Per Year, $1.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Frances L. Robinson, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Percy M. Dawson
James Waldo Fawcett
David Starr Jordan
George Saranton
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—F. M. Matthéeff
CANADA—Sidney Snow
CHINA—Gilbert Reid
ENGLAND—Fred Hankinson
Walter Walsh
FRANCE—G. Demartial
Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Guglielmo Lusidi
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoha
RUSSIA—Afina Huebach

UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

Announcement

Part II

OF GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

began in this magazine on

September 20th

GANDHI'S RETURN TO INDIA
HIS LAW PRACTISE
BEGINNING OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER
and
THE GREAT STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA

Subscribe Now! *Renew Now!*

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
700 Oakwood Boulevard
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find $3.00, for which
(a) Enter my subscription for one year from date, or
(b) Renew my subscription for one year from date of expiration.

Name .....

Address .....

Contents

Page

EDITORIAL
Notes 259
Thou Art Not Alone, O My Soul.—FRANK CARLETON DOAN 262
Jottings.—J. H. H. 263
Editorial Correspondence: American Notes—SYDNEY STRONG 264

ARTICLES—
A Christmas Rosary—W. W. W. ARGOW 263
Wealth for Everybody—J. T. SUNDERLAND 265
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part II, Chapter XV—Religious Ferment—M. K. GANDHI 267
Non-Resistance True and False—*M. K. Gandhi* 268

POETRY—
O Silent Night—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 259

THE STUDY TABLE—
Marriage and Birth Control—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 269
The Origin of Contemporary Ideas—M. CARL BECK 269

CORRESPONDENCE—
Prohibition Again!—LEO KAUL 270
The Problem of the Machine—VAUGHN BACHMAN BROKAW 270

THE FIELD—
Validating American Citizenship of Hindus 271
All Aboard for 100% American Arbitration—BRENT DOW ALLINSON 271
The Purpose of the Ethical Movement—DR. FELIX ADLER 271

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1926 NUMBER 17

O SILENT NIGHT

I

O silent night of long ago
In David's little town,
When Mary, by a manger low,
In anguish laid her down—
A star outshone the starry spheres,
An angel shouted high;
But Mary tasted nought but tears,
And saw but cattle nigh.

II.

O silent night now come again
Upon the listening earth,
Some maiden waits, amid her pain,
The miracle of birth;
She scans the darkness near and far
For solace, lest she die,
Nor knows that star cries unto star,
And angels throng the sky.

III

O silent night, thy glories rest
On every heart and home;
To every mother's eager breast
Thy sanctities are come;
Lo here, lo there, the heavenly host
Looks down on Mary mild,
And seraphim, in wonder lost,
Acclaim her holy child.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Christmas has passed, but New Year's has not yet come. There is still a chance to get some new subscriptions into the UNITY office before 1926 passes into 1927. A New Year's gift, furthermore, is as welcome as a Christmas gift, especially when it is a magazine like UNITY. So we are counting upon receiving some more subscriptions, offered by *our* friends to *their* friends, to be added to those already sent in during the Christmas season. Is there any one of our readers who would not like to share with some beloved comrade the joy he gets each week out of these columns? To share in this way is to enjoy doubly ourselves. *So,* if you haven't yet done so, send in a subscription for a friend!

All men of good will are deeply stirred by the sentiments of the holiday season, now drawing to its close. We said something about certain of the excesses of this annual revel, last week. Much of it is debauchery, and commercialized debauchery at that. But even the worst of it has its good side, its social uses, which we would not forget. Thus, there is the disgusting spree of bonuses, of enforced "giving," of professional and other kinds of beggary, the feverish newspaper exploitation of hunger and poverty and the penalties of vice. All are bad, yet all carry an element of social healing. The holiday bonuses of banks and business houses at least reveal the inadequacy of standard wage scales, and at the same time, the ability of these organizations to do justice where they are so forward to lavish favors. The enforced levies upon subordinates to buy flattering "presents" for their superiors at least bring graft farther into the open than it often gets. The uniformed beggar, rattling his box and blatantly hawking the woes of the needy, indicates that relief is becoming organized, and is being subjected to some slight degree of publicity and accounting. Bringing the misery of the poor into flaming headlines and the boxed specialty story of the newspapers makes it impossible for even the smugly rich altogether to forget the kind of world they live in. However the falsities and patronage of this program must offend the sensitive democrat, all men of good will must rejoice in the degree of sincerity compelled by making facts known. Flaunting the poor for the sake of affording the rich the opportunity to practice the grace of mercy is parlous business for the rich. It shames them. It forces all to re-examine the basis of an economic order which creates and perpetuates such extremes of social status. Mercy is only temporarily or apparently the foe of justice. They are partners, in the final reckoning. The falseness and smugness and organized agreed which mercy brings to light, justice must finally advance to judge and condemn.

There is much talk in England of a general election. The Labor Party, we are told, is preparing all along the line for a great campaign. Lloyd George, who was planning a visit to Russia, has postponed all schedules till the late summer, in anticipation of being

called to the hustings. The situation seems inexplicable to a mere American, for why should the Conservatives go to the country when they have just beaten the miners into submission, and are supported by one of the largest Parliamentary majorities in the history of modern England? Premier Baldwin called an election once when he had a large majority at his back, with results that were anything but encouraging. Is it not certain, after such an experience, that he will hang on, whether or no, and let things take their course? Undoubtedly, if his majority inwardly were all that it so impressively appears outwardly! The truth is, however, that Mr. Baldwin has no real majority at all. What seems so impressive an array of Tory Commoners is, as a matter of fact, a hopelessly divided party, the contending factions of which can obviously not much longer hold together. The division, which is of long standing as between moderates like Mr. Baldwin himself and bitter reactionaries like Lord Birkenhead, first became acute during the great crisis of the general strike. It seems to be a recognized fact that Mr. Baldwin could have prevented the strike, as he could have forestalled it altogether by accepting the report of the Sankey Commission, had his hand not been forced by the threat of his hot-heads to resign if he made concessions of any kind to labor. Victorious on these occasions, as on others of less importance, the Tory "die-hards" proceeded to take command of the administration, tamed the Premier into shameful betrayal of his promises to the general strikers, beat down the miners to their present tragic defeat, and now, everywhere triumphant at home, are dickering abroad for an *entente* of some kind or other with their spiritual twin, Mussolini. Birkenhead, Chamberlain, Churchill — they are a wicked crowd—Baldwin, for very decency's sake, cannot play with them indefinitely. Hence the near prospect of a general election—and the far prospect, if these Tories be not subdued, of more perilous days than England has known since the Reform days of the last century.

We return to the discussion of the debt-cancellation question. The argument in favor of cancelling the war debts of the Allied nations is an argument based on principle, and therefore it applies to all debt situations. Mr. S. O. Levinson, of Chicago, has recently pointed out, for example, that it applies to the farmers of this country who owe, curiously enough, just about the same amount of money the European powers owe to the United States—twelve billion dollars. See the parallel! If the war debts were cancelled, it is argued, the debtor nations would promptly revive, regain their buying power, and offer great markets to American goods. Yes ,and if the farmers' debts were cancelled, their buying power would be enormously increased, wouldn't it, and American manufacturers overwhelmed with sales in the rural districts. If the war debts were cancelled, European unrest would end, and resentment against this country disappear. Yes, and if the farmers' debts were cancelled, the dangerous agricultural unrest would subside, and the menacing rift between East and West be happily closed. Again, if the war debts were cancelled, so we are told, America would simply be paying what it owes to the Allies for fighting for us all those years. Yes, and if the farmers' debts were cancelled, the rest of us would simply be paying what we owe to the farmers for going into debt to enlarge their acreage and increase their crops to grow the food to win the war. How can we contemplate, we are asked, the piteous spectacle of two generations of Europeans enslaved to toil to pay the debts incurred by their fathers to sustain a war which was as much our war as theirs? Yes, and how can we contemplate with any peace of mind or heart the piteous spectacle of two generations of farmers bound to the wheel of plow and harrow to pay the debts incurred by their fathers in a war period for which they were in no way responsible? Obviously, if this cancellation argument is sound, these farmers' debts should all be wiped off the books at once. But does anybody propose it? What would be done to any statesman or publicist mad enough to conceive such an idea? If the farmers of America can and must pay twelve billion dollars to their creditors, the people of Europe can and must pay twelve billion dollars to their creditors. The argument for cancellation of war debts, out of hand, is "bunk." We have had enough of it.

We do love a man as speaks out! We especially love a man as speaks out on our side of a disputed question. But whether or not, let a man *speak out,* say his say, stand up in his boots and shout, "This I believe, and this is why I believe." Such a man, God bless him, is Daniel L. Marsh, President of Boston University. The issue of compulsory military training has been to the fore in this institution, as in many other colleges and universities throughout the country. Unlike most presidents, who have backed and filled, dodged and evaded and equivocated, or else kow-towed to the military like a buck private to a corporal, President Marsh has come out flat-footed against the whole business of compulsory military drill, and explained why in phrases that have stunned the army into silence. His reasons for abolishing compulsory training, he says, are as follows:

"1. Because I am an American and believe in America. Compulsory military drill is foreign to the genius of America. 2. Because I stand shoulder to shoulder with all good Americans in their opposition to war. Some feel that a high state of military preparedness is the best guarantee against war. I do not agreed with them. Preparedness creates the will to war instead of the will to peace. 3. Because I believe in Boston University. It was not founded to train men to fight, but 'to promote virtue and piety, and learning in the languages and the liberal arts and sciences.' In sticking to its business of education, the university serves the nation best. 4. Because I try to be a

Christian. If I understand the spirit of Christianity, it is opposed to war."

Here are two-fisted blows straight from the shoulder! Compulsory military training is *un-American.* Compulsory military training makes for war and not for peace. Compulsory military training is a betrayal of the purpose for which a university is founded and supported—namely, education in the arts and sciences of higher living. Compulsory military training is un-Christian. We should like to see these pronunciamentos written in letters of gold upon marble tablets, and set up as permanent monuments in all educational institutions throughout the land. We should like to see presidents of institutions tolerating compulsory military training challenged to answer these statements on pain of death, or, perhaps, life imprisonment. President Marsh knows his business! Our one question about him is — how did he ever happen to land in Boston, and how long will he last there?

From now onward till Spring there will be zeal for the proper sustenance of the lame ducks of the late election. Those who endured the heat and labors of the conflict must be cared for. Tenderly if may be, but cared for after some fashion. Several of them "sacrificed" themselves in what was a lost cause before the campaign opened, with the definite assurance that they would thus be solaced. Only by such devices can party loyalty be preserved. Political parties which survive must not alone make hay while the sun shines, but store in barns in shelter from the storms of electoral defeat. Some of the most highly placed instruments of current government are among those so-called lame ducks of former electoral maimings. The present federal Secretary of State is a conspicuous example. Doubtless the voters of his home state who decisively pronounced him incapable of the vigor or dignity consonant with their representation in the United States Senate had little idea that they were kicking him up so long and spacious a flight of stairs as those opening upon the Court of Saint James and latterly the chieftainship of the cabinet of the "mightiest monarch on earth." General Wood is another. He went lame not in an election but in a pre-convention national campaign. The governorship of the Philippines was his solace. Now that he is long under fire of foes in the Islands and here at home, there is persistent talk of his displacement. One of the casualties of this fall's election is being mentioned as his successor; Senator Wadsworth of New York, the eminent stand-pat Republican wet, must be provided for. Would he not make a good governor for the temperamental Filipinos? He has learned poise and imperturbability through political adversity. Might he not inculcate sustaining if not resigning virtues among a population who show a disposition to want what they are not likely to get?

The cause of Negro education gets a new impetus in the rehabilitation of Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee. The recent inauguration of Fisk's new president is hailed as scarcely less. A new Fisk is in the borning. But all wish the new to be much like the old, only bolder and bigger and better. The schism in the ranks of Negro educators, white and colored, is in the way of being healed. Really all are discovering that there is no essential schism. Both kinds of education are needed for Negroes, both Tuskegee and Fisk, Hampton and Atlanta, for their own sakes and for the sake of their largest service in American civilization. Those who feared, and especially those Negro leaders who feared, that Tuskegee and Hampton would confirm the Negro race in dependence, that they would turn out only artisans and day-laborers, that these institutions were dooming the race to a role of hewing wood and drawing water, have found re-assurance in the discovery that Hampton and Tuskegee have turned out bankers and merchants as well as brick-layers and mechanics. And the crowding of Negroes into the cities, and their assumption of ever larger and more determinative group responsibilities in all types of communities, have convinced the most skeptical of the need of cultured leaders, selected and trained within the race. Thus the Fisk type of educational institution has won a universally recognized place. Booker Washington himself yielded to none in emphasizing the demand for educated ministers and lawyers and physicians and other professional leaders. The Negro teacher especially should be an idealist and a creature of general culture, as well as a technician of exact learning and skill. Happily the cultural content of Negro education has been transformed as has that of the whites. The new Fisk will be like the old only as the new Harvard is like the old. The new day calls for a new education all along the line.

The New England states are drawing together into a closer unity. It is a fellowship of threatened adversity. Not that New England thrift will ever permit a fatal economic decay. But in these days of bigness, the bounds of the original British colonies are proving small. The trackless forest, and later the lumbering stage coach, made the territory of these states seem of magnificent proportions. But today the whole territory of the New England states might be lost in any one of several of the western commonwealths. To apply the standards of economic efficiency now being developed by these larger western political units, the smaller eastern states must remove all artificial territorial barriers. This New England shows a disposition to do. The second annual conference of representatives of these states has just been held. With the efficient development of New England's water power, her manufacturing supremacy which has been slipping can be retained, or the slipping at least checked. Inter-state action is essential at this point. With the use of common power

there will inevitably follow larger manufacturing units. New England has always been deficient in raw materials, as compared at least with other sections of the country. Yet she still leads in the cotton manufacturing industry, though no boll of cotton ever grew within her borders. For generations leather supplies have come mainly from the wilds far beyond her bounds or from the cattle upon western hills and plains. Yet New England still produces half of the country's shoe output. With cheap power and large industrial operations, New England's thrift can still win large rewards from the economic strife. And when industry is intelligently organized on a national basis, New England's contribution to the common weal will be no mean part. Citizens of the smallest territorial units may still think big and achieve greatly.

Roman Catholic leadership in the United States seems determined to embroil this government in the Mexican church question. The first attempt failed. Apparently others are to follow. The long legal opinion which Roman prelates in the United States have sought from American attorneys, and have given the widest possible publicity, dwells upon Mexico's alleged violation of international law. The Roman church makes great boast of its catholicity. Under that principle what goes on in one country touching the interests of the church concerns those of that faith in other countries. Mexico and the United States lie side by side. Perhaps Romanists in the United States should naturally be more alert than Romanists in more distant lands, in dealing with matters of alleged wrong to the church in Mexico. But they do their American fellow-citizens of other faiths a grave injustice by their pertenacity. American citizens generally show little disposition to make the church controversy in Mexico an affair of theirs. They are conscious that if the situation were reversed they would deeply and perhaps angrily resent interference. The unprejudiced cannot restrain an increasing irritation that Romanist busybodies in the United States should be so busy in this Mexican affair. American money is tied up in Mexican oil concessions. Where the American's money is his heart is likely to go, and his hand is all too ready to follow. But arbitrary governmental interference in these economic interests is more and more frowned upon by the American citizenry. Does the Roman hierarchy in the United States really suppose that the American people are going to be moved officially to support their cause, even by such elaborate and learned special pleadings as they are now so feverishly circulating? Is the hierarchy harboring a madness which portends its undoing?

Thou Art Not Alone, O My Soul

(A Christmas Meditation, 1926)

[*To be said inwardly by any disheartened dreamer who feels that the Spirit of Peace and Good Will hath departed this earth.*]

Thinkest thou that thou art all alone, O my soul, —alone in a world of forsaken ideals, forlorn hopes, forgotten dreams? that thou only art left to do justice, to proclaim good will, to speak peace among men? that the Spirit which once possessed the Nazarene must surely have departed with him into the Vast Beyond leaving the world, and now thee, in outer darkness? Nay, not so. Not so, O my soul! That Spirit is eternal in every human breast. Men may think to crush it out of their souls. They may seek to silence its voice within. They may seem to crucify it at last with spears of hatred. But that Spirit still lives on! Though they know it not, it still lives on. They know not where, they know not when but somewhere that Spirit lives on, somewhere its voice shall again be heard in the land.

Let not thy heart be troubled, O my soul. Even now thou art not alone. That voice is even now speaking, that Spirit even now stirring in the hearts of many men of this seeming dull, this seeming dumb, this seeming dead generation. Countless souls like unto thee are making ready for a new advent of the Spirit into the life of the world. Souls like unto thee, they too are silent, disheartened, lonely. Like unto thee, they too are thinking thoughts of peace in a world wherein is no audible peace. In a world storm-tossed with all manner of hatreds, envyings, suspicionings they too, like unto thee, are still harboring a great love in their hearts. Like unto thee, they too are only waiting for that Voice to speak again its "Peace! Be still!" to all the peoples of this earth; for that Spirit out of its abundance to cover all lands with its good will, even as the waters cover the seas.

Go forth, O my soul, go forth rejoicing this day. Be thou a herald, a humble herald of this coming advent of the Eternal Spirit. Speak thou thy word of peace, from thine own lowly house-top speak it out! Go forth from thine own sacred fireside where thou hast long since found love, go forth and from thy brimming heart pour abroad this love. Pour it forth upon thy near ones, upon thy friends, upon thy neighbors, upon the very stranger thou passest in the street. Going on thy way rejoicing, pour thou forth of this love. To the four quarters of the earth pour it abund-

antly forth! Going in and out from thy hearth-stone, going up and down the earth, thus giving voice to the spirit of peace and good will which is within thee, thy spirit shall nevermore feel itself alone. A mighty host shall rise up and appear all about thee,—on thy right hand and on thy left. Ten thousand now silent souls like unto thee, hearing thy voice and catching thy spirit, shall answer thy call and join their herald voices to thine. And, lo, the Eternal Spirit of love and good will, long since seeming lost, shall be found again. Long since seeming silenced, it shall speak again. Long since seeming dead, it shall live again.

. . . . . .

Comfort thou my distressed spirit this day, O Eternal. With this yearly remembrance of the birth of the Nazarene Spirit into the world, comfort thou me. Make thou that selfsame Spirit to live in me that, like him divining all earthly things, I too may know without any doubt, neither any fear, that peace and good will shall one day prevail among men. Touch thou this now inarticulate tongue that it may begin to speak peace again. Lift up the now closed flood-gates of my spirit that I may again pour forth love into this seeming loveless world. Open these eyes now blinded with tears of despair that I may see, in wonder see, all about me these hosts of happy, dauntless comrades, and seeing, go forth rejoicing to meet and join them in their steadfast way of peace and good will. Then, ah then, losing itself in that great companionship my spirit shall find itself no more lonely. For, in that company of comrades is never any thought of despair, neither any feeling of fear, but only confidence and great joy forever.

FRANK CARLETON DOAN.

(Note: Latin scholars tell us that the saying, "Peace on earth, good will to men" were more faithfully translated, "Peace on earth *through* men of good will"!)

Jottings

The complaint of Washington that Mexico is interfering in Nicaragua is enough to make an owl laugh —indeed, to make *two* owls laugh. If Mexico is doing this, which we doubt, she is an apt pupil. America should feel highly flattered by such imitation of her own long-standing example.

Any man who argues that the European war debts should be cancelled, must in consistency and honor return his Liberty Bonds to the government, or tear them up and throw the pieces away. Such a man of course would not take what he thinks America should not take—repayment of a loan. The next time you hear a man arguing for cancellation, ask him if he has turned in his Liberty Bonds!

A man in the South, convicted on a charge of driving an automobile while intoxicated, was recently sentenced to attend church every Sunday for six months. It would seem to us that such a sentence must be illegal as being an instance of "cruel and unusual punishment."

Soviet Russia has established universal compulsory military training. We are against such military training in this country; we are against it in Russia. Indeed, we are more against it there than here, if this be possible, since the system seems to be even more inconsistent with Russia's ideals than with our own.

Will Rogers suggests, à propos the question of conscription, that we "postpone the next war till the cause for it is so popular that you won't have to conscript either (wealth or men)." This is sound philosophy. Conscription is a complete and final indictment of any war that has to resort to it. This is just as true in America as it is in Germany, or England, or Soviet Russia.

So the taxation of bachelors has come in Italy. Serves them right! There should be an even distribution of trials and tribulations in this world. If marriage can be balanced by taxation, then there would seem to be something like an approximation to the rule of justice. Il Duce is, of course, a married man.

J. H. H.

A Christmas Rosary

My creedal rosary has broken, spilling its unfingered beads at my prayer-bent knees.

But in the sanctuary of the Christmas spirit I have found another rosary strung on the silken thread of love.

So I count each bead as I reverently pray:

Teach me that Love was in travail when infant stars were born and virgin suns groaned with maternity.

Unstop my ears that I may hear the love story of wooing atoms, plighting their troth for ever and aye.

Show me that Love hath made big stars my brothers, little flowers my sisters, and vesper-souled birds companions for my soul.

Let me feel a divine enchantment in the celestial symphony of human suffering, with hopes for notes, dreams for bars, unselfish lives as instruments.

Cause me to know that Love and Truth are always born in lowly places, in simple lives, humble minds, and contrite hearts.

Grant me when my little day is done the lingering joy of having lived as an oft-repeated echo of the Christmas story—the Romance of Eternal Love.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa. W. W. W. ARGOW,

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

The most of American life, like a landscape, is made up of lights and shades.

I.

As for shades, we note that lynchings are again on the increase. The churches not long ago sent out a cry for a "lynchless land." It didn't seem to have any more effect than the "Warning" signs along the highway, in lessening automobile accidents. Up to October 8th, 24 persons had been lynched in the land. This makes 6 more than were lynched in the year 1925 and 9 more than in 1924. It almost equals the record for the entire year of 1923, which was 28. This means that efforts for federal control will be renewed in the next meetings of Congress.

The Knights of Columbus are out to raise a million dollars to persuade the American people that human rights in Mexico are being trampled on, and therefore something ought to be done. I have in my hand a 32-page pamphlet called "Red Mexico." Mine is one of the second million being distributed free over the whole land. It states that the Knights are raising "one million dollars to combat Bolshevism." It looks bad, for the Knights are Roman Catholics. This means, of course, that Religion will be mixed with Oil as reasonable ground why America should have a restraining hand in Mexican affairs. And to call Mexico "Red"—this will be sufficient. This combination of "Religion" and "Oil" played up with a "Red" background is not pleasant to contemplate. It is a time for good people to pray. For the peace of America, the million might be better spent.

Three things happened on Armistice Day that might be classed under the heading of "shades." President Coolidge, in unveiling a monument at Kansas City to memorialize the soldier dead (the land is fast becoming a glorified Thiergarten, Berlin, where also a reminder of military Germany—monuments to royalty and soldiery, line the roads and look out from shady nooks) came out squarely for conscription of both men and wealth, in case of emergency. Strange omen, I have not yet heard of any criticism. The average American doesn't seem to know that conscription is the method of despotism. At least, conscription is in total disagreement with the democracy that once gave America an enviable position among free peoples. And thus the American people are being led into the acceptance of conscription as a sane and business-like way of handling war. This speech of the President's was one nail driven home. The second thing that occurred on Armistice Day was the rather definite stand taken by the President that the wisest policy for the country was to draw still further into her shell, internationally. This same day saw the declaration broadcasted throughout the land that Governor Wood had been made practically dictator of the Philippines, and this by the advice of the judicial part of the federal government. If people hadn't ceased being surprised over any incident, Americans would gasp at this action—so contrary to the letter and the spirit of America's promise to the Filipinos, made throughout the past twenty-five years. I don't know how the Filipinos feel about this last blow against their independence. I should think they would feel exactly as the New Englanders felt when, on asking for more liberty, they were presented with a Stamp Act and a Tea Tax. Imperialism certainly had a good inning on Armistice Day.

The way the Navy monopolizes the bill-boards of the land, in order to entice young men to "join," is disquieting. An old-fashioned preacher couldn't make heaven more attractive, with "streets of gold and pearly gates," than is offered by the Navy for a trip around the world. A young man can see everything, learn everything, enjoy everything, if he will "join the navy." A third-rate business man could sell suckers for whales, if he had the advertising facilities enjoyed by the Navy. For example, I walk each day past a huge bill-board that contains a big picture of a fine, jolly old man, listening over an Atwater Kent radio. And what interested him so much? It was the Army-Navy game of football.

Yesterday, I listened to the football game between Leland Stanford and Washington universities. It was to decide the championship of the Pacific Coast. Washington lost. Nearly a hundred thousand people saw the game. There is a shade-side to it. A letter from a friend, living in San Francisco, lies before me. He writes these words, "I do hate to see the commercialism that has cast a charm over the whole interscholastic sport world. I know of no solution in the situation. At the big game here in November 90,000 seats were sold at five dollars per, straight through. And there were probably 50,000 more disappointed in not getting tickets."

Another shade: Former Chief of Police Severyns of Seattle is publishing his "Confessions." In yesterday's installment be bared several forms of the "third degree" that actually were practiced in this American city with its 200 active ministers of religion. One is a "sudden raining of heavy blows" upon a prisoner in order to get him to "tell the truth." Another is the practice of "knocking them cold"—a form that can be imagined. Another is the "electric carpet," which means that a prisoner is put in a cell whose floor is entirely covered with a carpet, into which a stream of electricity can be turned at the will of the jailer. Of course, this involves excruciating torture. Another is the "Ride around the Lake," which involves taking a prisoner out at night to a neighboring lake, then out in a boat to the middle of the lake and a threat to throw him overboard if he doesn't come "through with the truth." Ninety-nine per cent of the 100 per cent citizens never dream that such "third degree" methods obtain in the land of Washington and Lincoln.

II.

And now, in contrast, a few light spots in the life of America. First, the memorials dedicated on Armistice Day—and future ones contemplated—do not all suggest military glory. Many are statues, stadiums and buildings. Some are green parks, tree-bordered highways. In Texas a ten-million-dollar stadium will soon be completed. In San Francisco two million dollars are provided for a civic center. Oregon university is to have a million-dollar court on the campus, with swimming pool and other recreations. In spite of the bad lynching record, there are many signs of a better understanding between the whites and blacks. Down in Brooklyn Drs. Cadman and Procter—one English, the other African—pastors of big churches, equally

able and men of power—have been for several years holding union meetings—said to be the greatest interracial gatherings ever held in Brooklyn. In that vicinity I notice that within 24 hours two incidents occurred. A black man saved the life of his white co-laborer, where they were engulfed with loads of sand. On the following day a white patrolman, at the risk of his life, saved four colored children in Harlem. To my knowledge, several meetings were held on Armistice Day, in which all creeds and colors and races participated, when they spoke of "Heroes of Peace," "No More War," "No More Race Prejudice," "No More Sectarianism."

It is a hopeful sign that the preachers of Pittsburgh—some of whom receive ten thousand dollars a year, others only four hundred—should in conference squarely face the situation of inequality and make movements toward equalization. I was also interested in some figures about the Y. M. C. A.—for with all its defects, the "Y" is probably the most virile religious organization, whose object is to bring about a better understanding among men. I recently heard Mr. Lyon, who has been a "Y" secretary in China for twenty-five years. It seemed to me that he saw things in a sensible way and was doing his level best to help the Chinese. At least, I regard the influence of the "Y" men in foreign lands as surpassing far the influence of our diplomats and business men. And it seems that it is the policy of the "Y" to pass over to Chinese control the work as speedily as possible, thus setting a good example to other foreigners. It is pleasant to note the rapid progress of the Negro, in every way. I note that in Chicago and New York there are more Negro than white Baptists. They are securing fine church buildings. Kelley Miller, a clever writer, says that the Chicago Negroes are the most progressive. "They have more faith in themselves." Chicago has the greatest Negro newspaper on earth, *The Defender,* and *The Bee* and *The Whip* energetic and influential. Chicago has two Negro banks and insurance companies and two of the largest Negro hotels in the world, etc. The Negro is rising—and rapidly. I notice too that Dr. Du Bois, editor of *The Crisis,* one of the best edited monthlies in the country, has just come out of Russia. He writes that he didn't see anything baneful in that land. In fact, he rather fell in love with Russia and is unable to see any good reason why America should not at once put out her hand to the Soviet Republic. He is puzzled, as are some fifty million, or more, other Americans puzzled. The inability of governments to do the right thing at the right time is perplexing.

Here is one thing to put down to the credit of the land of "lynchings, hold-ups and third degree." A young clergyman started to walk from New York to the Pacific Coast. Nearly all the way was covered in automobiles—friendly folks picking him up. He went 6,000 miles in all. Even entertainment was often furnished. Only discourtesy experienced was when a "fundamentalist" dropped him because he wouldn't ride with an infidel!

SYDNEY STRONG.

Wealth for Everybody

In a world so rich in its resources as ours, it is unendurable to think of man's lot as one of permanent poverty. The products of the earth, actual or possible, are abundant to supply the need of every human being, and banish want and physical suffering from the world. The fact that any human beings are hungry or cold, or destitute of material necessities and comforts of life, is a reproach to our civilization and our Christianity. Long ere this all poverty—all poverty which produces suffering—ought to have been banished from civilized lands.

Every friend of humanity, therefore, should be deeply in sympathy with all efforts looking to a better adjustment of economic conditions, a more equitable distribution of the products of labor, and the creation of conditions such as to insure that, to a greater extent than we now see, the wealth of the world shall be controlled by those who create it, and employed for the benefit of those who need it.

And yet, the problems of the right distribution of material wealth, and of the abolition of physical poverty, are not the only ones, or even the greatest, that are before our age. Man is not a body merely; he is a living soul. Soul poverty is as real as bodily poverty, and even more serious in its results; and soul wealth is even more important than any possible wealth consisting in material things. Is not our whole generation forgetting this to an alarming degree?

Is real wealth identical with legal possessions? Is it obtained through, and only through, law courts and law papers? Or is there wealth, vast, real, splendid, and more to be prized than any other wealth known to men, of which the law takes no cognizance, and which all the legal processes in the world are powerless either to give us or to take away from us?

The truth is, we are all the while calling a thousand things ours which we do not own in any legal way. Yet they are among our truest possessions.

Emerson bought a little farm in Concord. Writing of his purchase, he said:

> When I bought my farm I did not know what a bargain I had in the blue-birds, bobolinks and thrushes, which were not charged in the bill. As little did I guess what sublime mornings and sunsets I was buying, what reaches of landscape, and what fields and lanes for a tramp. Neither did I fully consider what indescribable luxury is our Indian River, which runs parallel with the village street, and to which every house in that long street has a back door through the garden to the river bank. . . . Still less did I know what good and true neighbors I was buying: men of thought and virtue. . . . I did not know what groups of interesting school boys and fair school girls were to greet me in the highway, and take hold of one's heart at the school exhibitions.

Do all men who buy farms get as much for their money, so many appurtenances "not down in the bill," as Emerson did? If not, why not?

I went into a great museum. An ignorant rich man, who understood nothing of its wealth, except what he was told, held the title deed. A scientist of extraordinary attainment, who had large knowledge concerning everything in it, and whose loving labor of a life-time made it what it was, had it in charge. To which of the two belonged the museum, in the true sense of the word?

How is it that we make books and writers our own? By purchasing volumes and placing them on our shelves? or by studying the authors, and filling our minds with what they have written? Who really pos-

sesses Shakespeare's works,—he who owns the rarest and most costly editions? or he who has the great dramas in his mind and soul?

How is it that we make the flowers, and plants, and birds,—the flora and fauna of a region—our own? By buying up real estate? or by long-continued and loving study?

Henry Thoreau had no legal ownership of Walden woods or Walden pond. But he knew and loved every tree and shrub and flower and bird of the one, and every stone on the beach and every changing light and shadow on the mirrored surface of the other. Did that knowledge and that love give him no proprietorship? The world will always think of both pond and woods as a hundred times more Thoreau's than belonging to the men who had legal title to them. And will it not be right? Was there a richer man in New England than Thoreau?

Any of us who have visited England and have made a tour of the famous Lake Region of Cumberland and Westmoreland, have found there a singularly picturesque stretch of valleys and lakes, hills and mountains, popularly called "Wordworth's Country." Why is it so called? Because Wordsworth held title deeds to it? On the contrary, its title deeds were held by men whose names we have never heard mentioned, and Wordsworth held legal claim only to a modest hillside home. But everywhere the great poet had stamped himself upon the region, by the fidelity with which he had studied it, under all skies, in all seasons,—every rugged peak, every mountain tarn, every secret nook of every valley, every variety of flower and shrub, every effect of sun and shadow on lake and mountain side, all the highways and by-ways and secret mountain paths, all the homes in the villages and cottages in the far off lonely wilds, every dweller in all the region from oldest grandsire to prattling child, all the history and folklore and old tales of the region—and had woven them all as warp or woof into the cloth of gold of his poetry. Why then should not this region be called Wordsworth's Country? Who owned it if not he? And who had a better right to bequeath it to posterity connected with his name? Of all the great landed proprietors of England, who was so rich as he?

The other day I was reading an account of one who was declared to be "the happiest man in London." Who was he? A millionaire? No. A member of the aristocracy? No. A man who had ease and luxury and leisure? No. He was a laboring man, with very moderate wages, who lived in a small flat of two rooms, with his invalid wife, who for twenty-six years had been confined to her room and her bed, and for whom, during all this time, he had cared, doing with his own hands all the work of the precious little home—precious because she was the center and light and joy of it.

In the morning he arose early, cooked the breakfast for the two, washed the dishes, tidied the rooms, rendered to his wife with tender solicitude such service as she needed, placed her mid-day meal on a stand beside her bed, and with a loving kiss went away to his day's toil. When his work was over at night, with glad steps he hastened back to her whose smile was his heaven, eager to render still further service, and doubly rewarded when he could add any smallest drop to the cup of her comfort or her happiness.

For twenty-six years this had gone on, the husband never complaining and never wearying—all his privation and self-sacrifice (what others would call privation and self-sacrifice) a delight to him because prompted by love. And the wife, bed-ridden though she was, was well nigh as happy as the husband.

What was the explanation? Both were happy because both were rich with the most precious wealth that this world knows anything about, the wealth of pure and unselfish affection. If any millionaire in London found half the joy in life that they found, it was because he possessed other kinds of wealth than his money, and better than money can buy.

What is wealth? Jesus hints the true answer when he says: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself?" Mohammed also hints the eternal reply when he says: "A man's true wealth is the good he has done in this world. When he dies, mortals will inquire, What property has he left behind him? but angels will ask him, What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?" Says Ruskin: "The true veins of wealth are purple, and not in Rock, but in Flesh."

Real wealth is whatsoever deepens, enlarges, enriches or enobles human life. And it is nothing else.

The seeing eye is wealth. The ear attuned to music is wealth. The alert mind is wealth. Knowledge is wealth. Health and strength are wealth. Hope is wealth. Courage is wealth. Good deeds are wealth. Honor and integrity and spotless character are great wealth. A will in harmony with the Divine Will is precious wealth. Love is wealth beyond all words. And the absence of these is poverty, no matter how much of what men superficially call wealth one may possess.

How rich is the man who enjoys and appreciates good music!

How rich is the man who loves good literature, and through the printed page enjoys daily companionship with the great souls of the present and the past!

A lover of nature who finds joy in sun and storm, and companionship in mountains and stars, how glorious is his wealth!

Not less rich is the husband who possesses the love of a true wife, or the wife who owns the affection of a true husband.

A mother presses a sweet babe to her breast, and kisses its cheeks again and again in her ecstasy of affection. How rich she is!

A father looks with pride on his five growing boys. How rich he is!

A young man sets out upon life, to carve out for himself a career. He is without a dollar; but he has health, courage, a good education, and an ambition to make his life noble and useful. How rich is he!

The business man who through all temptations and pressures has kept his integrity, how rich is he!

The public man who has never stooped from high honor, how priceless is his wealth of manhood! But the public man who has sold his manhood for gold, how miserably he has impoverished himself!

He who has faith in God, faith that, over and under and at the heart of all that is dark in human life, there is a Divine Wisdom and Love, is very rich.

He who has faith in immortality, faith that his loved ones are his forever, faith that, though

> Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;
> Heart's love will meet him again,

has great riches.

The office of religion is to dower men with wealth —Wealth that is Eternal.

J. T. Sunderland.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

PART II—CHAPTER XV

Religious Ferment

It is now time to turn again to my experiences with Christian friends.

Mr. Baker was getting anxious about my future. He took me to the Wellington Convention. The Protestant Christians organize such gatherings every few years for religious enlightenment or, in other words, self-purification. One may call this religious restoration or revival. The Wellington Convention was of this type. The chairman was the famous divine of the place, the Rev. Andrew Murray. Mr. Baker had hoped that the atmosphere of religious exaltation at the Convention and the enthusiasm and earnestness of the people attending it, would inevitably compel me to embrace Christianity.

But his final hope was the efficacy of prayer. He had an abiding faith in prayer. It was his firm conviction that God could not but listen to prayer fervently offered. He would cite the instances of men like George Müller of Bristol who depended entirely on prayer even for his temporal needs. I listened to his discourse on the efficacy of prayer with unbiased attention, and assured him that nothing could prevent me from embracing Christianity should I feel the call. I had no hesitation in giving him this assurance, as I had long since taught myself to follow the inner voice. I delighted in submitting myself to it. To act against it would be difficult and painful to me.

So we went to Wellington. Mr. Baker was hard put to it in having "a coloured man" like me for his companion. He had to suffer inconveniences on many occasions entirely on account of me. We had to break the journey on the way, as one of the days happened to be a Sunday and Mr. Baker and his party would not travel on the Sabbath. Though the manager of the station hotel agreed to take me in after much altercation, he absolutely refused to admit me to the dining room. Mr. Baker was not the man to give way easily. He stood by the rights of the guests of a hotel. But I could see his difficulty. At Wellington also I stayed with Mr. Baker. In spite of his best efforts to conceal the little inconveniences that he was put to, I could see them all.

This Convention was an assemblage of devout Christians. I was delighted at their faith. I met the Rev. Murray. I saw that many were praying for me. I liked some of their hymns, they were very sweet.

The Convention lasted for three days. I could understand and appreciate the devoutness of those who attended it. But I saw no reason for changing my belief—my religion. It was impossible for me to believe that I could go to heaven or attain salvation only by becoming a Christian. When I frankly said so to some of the good Christian friends, they were shocked. But there was no help for it.

My difficulties lay deeper. It was more than I could believe that Jesus was the only incarnate son of God and that he who believed in Him would have everlasting life. If God could have sons, all of us were his sons. If Jesus was like God, or God Himself, then all men were like God and could be God Himself. My reason was not ready to believe literally that Jesus by his death and by his blood redeemed the sins of the world. Metaphorically there might be some truth in it. Again, according to Christianity only human beings had souls, and not other living beings, for whom death meant complete extinction; while I held a contrary belief. I could accept Jesus as a martyr, an embodiment of sacrifice, and a divine teacher, but not as the most perfect man ever born. His death on the Cross was a great example to the world, but that there was anything like a mysterious or miraculous virtue in it my heart could not accept. The pious lives of Christians did not give me anything that the lives of men of other faiths had failed to give. I had seen in other lives just the same reformation that I had heard of among Christians. Philosophically there was nothing extraordinary in Christian principles. From the point of view of sacrifice, it seemed to me that the Hindus' greatly surpassed the Christians'. It was impossible for me to regard Christianity as a perfect religion or the greatest of all religious.

I shared this mental churning with my Christian friends whenever there was an opportunity, but their answers could not satisfy me.

Thus if I could not accept Christianity either as a perfect, or the greatest, religion, neither was I then convinced of Hinduism being such. Hindu defects were pressingly visible to me. If untouchability could be a part of Hinduism, it could but be a rotten part or an excrescence. I could not understand the *raison d'être* of a multitude of sects and castes. What was the meaning of saying that the Vedas were the inspired Word of God? If they were inspired, why not also the Bible and the Koran?

As Christian friends were endeavoring to convert me, even so were Mussalman friends, Abdulla Seth had kept on inducing me to study Islam, and of course, he had always something to say regarding its beauty.

I expressed my difficulties in a letter to Raychandbhai. I also corresponded with other religious authorities in India and received answers from them. Raychandbhai's letter somewhat pacified me. He asked me to be patient and to study Hinduism more deeply. One of his sentences was to this effect: "On a dispassionate view of the question, I am convinced that no other religion has the subtle and profound thought of Hinduism, its vision of the soul, or its charity."

I purchased Sale's translation of the Koran and began reading it. I also obtained other books on Islam. I communicated with Christian friends in England. One of them introduced me to Edward Maitland with whom I opened correspondence. He sent me "The Perfect Way," a book he had written in collaboration with Anna Kingsford. The book was a repudiation of the current Christian belief. He also sent me another book —"The New Interpretation of the Bible." I liked both. They seemed to support Hinduism. Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of God Is Within You" overwhelmed me. It left an abiding impression on me. Before the independent thinking, profound morality, and the truthfulness of this book, all the books given me by Mr. Coates seemed to pale into insignificance.

My studies thus carried me in a direction un-

thought of by the Christian friends. My correspondence with Edward Maitland was fairly prolonged and that with Raychandbhai continued until his death. I read some of the books he sent me. These included *"Panchikaran," "Maniratnamala," "Mumukshu Prakaran* of *Yogavasishtha,"* Haribhadra Suri's *"Shatdarshan Samuchchaya,"* and others.

Though I took a path my Christian friends had not intended for me, I have remained for ever indebted to them for the religious quest that they awakened in me. I shall always cherish the memory of their contact. The years that followed had more, not less, of such sweet and sacred contacts in store for me.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Non-Resistance True and False

America is the home of inter-racial conflict on a vast scale. There are earnest men and women in that land of enterprises who are seeking to solve the difficult problem along the lines of non-resistance. One such American friend sends me a paper called the *Inquiry* which contains an interesting discussion on the doctrine of non-resistance. It consists of instances that might possibly be grouped under non-resistance. I select three samples:

"A Chinese student related his experiences at the State University from which he was about to graduate. His reception there had been anything but friendly for the most part, although a few men had gone out of their way to befriend him, one of then even inviting the Chinese to his home for a week-end. On the other hand, a fellow student who occupied a room next to his made himself particularly obnoxious, throwing shoes against his door and indulging in other pranks. The Chinese overheard this student express horror on finding that an American had taken him home to introduce him to his mother and sister, and immediately he made up his mind that he would teach this student to respect him, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his dear motherland.

"So he went out of his way to be friendly to his neighbor. Every day he gave him a smiling good morning, though at first he received no response. He ignored every insult, but tried to make himself pleasant and useful. When he knew his neighbor to be hard up he casually invited him to go to a movie with him. Gradually they talked together more often and found that they had several interests in common. After a while this student invited him to his home.

" 'We have become warm friends,' concluded the Chinese. 'I have since spent many holidays and week-ends at his home; and on leaving the university I shall know that one of my fellow students at least will regretfully miss me.' "

"The secretary of a railroad Young Men's Christian Association brought one evening into the building twelve Danes, working on the railroad, who had no place to sleep. The English-speaking men, under the sway of racial antipathy, began to object and protested against the foreigners being brought in. Among these newcomers, however, was a skilled musician, who, while the Americans were presenting their objections to the secretary, began to play upon the accordian. He discoursed sweet music, which soon had its effect. The ire on the faces of the native-born soon began to vanish; the censure died on their lips; their hearts were softened; and that night they sat up late listening to the foreigner playing.

"There is a colony of Japanese in X, California. Several years ago some real estate agents sought to sell a considerable amount of land to other Japanese, and the white people were aroused at the thought of a great influx of these people. Meetings were held and a big sign was put up on the main boulevard which read: 'No Japanese wanted here.'

"The old resident Japanese of X, who had lived on good terms with the white people, being members of their Farmers' Association, went to the white people and after consultation finally agreed with them that a further increase in the Japanese population would not be a good thing. The sign was changed to read: 'No more Japanese wanted here.'

"The person who tells this story contends that this action advanced the solidarity of the community and improved relations between the whites and the Japanese in that place, as witness the following:

"The Japanese of X, learning that the American church was in financial difficulties, offered to give a definite amount yearly for its support, in addition to carrying on their own Japanese church work."

Now the first easily comes under true non-resistance. The second is more an instance of presence of mind than non-resistance. The third, from the facts as stated, is an instance, if not of cowardice, as contended by some of the debates, certainly of selfishness. The resident Japanese population in order to retain their earthly possessions agreed to the prohibition of further Japanese immigration. It may have been sound policy. It may have been the only policy advisable. But it was not non-resistance.

Non-resistance is restraint voluntarily undertaken for the good of society. It is therefore an intensely active purifying inward force. It is often antagonistic to the material good of the non-resister. It may even mean his utter material ruin. It is rooted in internal strength, never weakness. It must be consciously exercised. It therefore presupposes ability to offer physical resistance. In the last instance, therefore, the Japanese would have non-resisted, if they had left all their possessions rather than surrendered the rights of prospective immigrants. They might also have suffered death by lynching without even mental retaliation and thus melted the hearts of their persecutors. It was no victory of truth that without any inconvenience to themselves, they were able to retain their property. In terms of non-resistance, their contribution to the American Church in its difficulty was a bribe, by no means a token of good-will or a free gift.

The acquisition of the spirit of non-resistance is a matter of long training in self-denial and appreciation of the hidden forces within ourselves. It changes one's outlook upon life. It puts different values upon things and upsets previous calculations. And when once it is set in motion its effect, if it is intensive enough, can overtake the whole universe. It is the greatest force because, it is the highest expression of the soul. All need not possess the same measure of conscious non-

resistance for its full operation. It is enough for one person only to possess it, even as one general is enough to regulate and dispose of the energy of millions of soldiers who enlist under his banner even though they know not the why and wherefore of his depositions. The monkeys of one Rama were enough to confound the innumerable host armed from head to foot of the ten-headed Ravana.

M. K. Gandhi.

Young India.

The Study Table

Marriage and Birth Control

These three books,* which have appeared together in the last few months, may properly be reviewed together, not so much because they discuss the same themes as because they represent the same point of view on the great question of sex and marriage.

Dr. Knopf's treatise on Birth Control, already in its third edition, is a revised and much enlarged version of an address delivered before the Medical Association of the Greater City of New York on December 21, 1925, and later published in the *Medical Journal and Record* (January 6, 1926). It is heartening to think of such an address as presented to the members of a profession, culpably indifferent or hostile to one of the greatest and most beneficient reforms of the age, by one of the most famous and authoritative of their own colleagues. In its present form, the booklet promises to take a place beside the remarkable prize essay on "Tuberculosis" which Dr. Knopf published some twenty years ago, and which has been more widely printed and distributed, perhaps, than any other single writing on the subject. For this eminent physician has a positive genius as a pamphleteer. More than any other writer of whom we know, he has the capacity to present the widest range of information in the smallest possible space. In the case of this study of birth control, the title is staggering for a booklet of only 66 pages. Yet it is no exaggeration. The "medical, social, economic, moral and religious aspects" of the question are all here treated with admirable concision, but adequately and with helpful citation of authorities. This book is the whole law and gospel of the subject. Especially noteworthy are the illustrations; the picture on page 35 of Hindus bathing in the Ganges is more convincing than any hundred pages of argument on excess population. All in all, this essay by Dr. Knopf is the most useful statement on the subject of birth control now available. It is pleasant to note that "all benefits derived from its sale go to the treasury of the Birth Control League (104 Fifth Avenue, New York)," where copies may be procured.

"Birth Control and the State," which appears in the popular "Today and Tomorrow Series" of volumes on contemporary problems, is another useful and illuminating statement in small compass. Mr. Blacker, like Dr. Knoff, aims for comprehensiveness, but his purpose is argumentative rather than informative, although his book contains information just as Dr. Knopf's certainly contains argument. But the distinctive characteristic, the prevailing temper, of each of the two books, is obvious enough. Thus Mr. Blacker presents his material in the form of a brief. All the principal objections to birth control are stated in order of importance, classified, and duly answered one by one. Each answer is then expanded into its positive aspects, and thus a complete case for the reform worked out. The book is not over-easy reading—the method is too precise, the style too unadorned—but as an outline of the field, it is superb. If you want to know the "pros" and "cons," here they are. Of course, when the argument is done, "the ayes have it"!

Mrs. Margaret Sanger is so pre-eminently the champion of the birth control movement in this country that many readers will take it for granted that her book, "Happiness in Marriage," is only one more plea for the great cause. But this would be a serious mistake, as the subject is mentioned only in one of the shorter and less important chapters of the volume. Underlying the whole story, however, is the assumption of birth control as a factor in marriage, for her study is of that side of the marital relation which is altogether independent of procreation. Mrs. Sanger, following the lead of Havelock Ellis and Wilfred Lay, is convinced that happiness in marriage is more contingent upon the right adjustment of the sex relation between husband and wife than we are ordinarily willing to recognize. She believes, as an article of faith, that the sex relation has a validity and beauty of its own, quite apart from its social consequences in the production of children, and thus has rights which must be served. Impelled by these ideas, Mrs. Sanger unfolds in this volume, with the poised detachment of the scientist, the technique of the marital relation. No more difficult subject can be imagined. For this very reason is Mrs. Sanger's handling of it a triumph. She lacks the poetry of Havelock Ellis, the first-hand psychological knowledge and insight of Dr. Lay, but she has a gift of the vernacular, so to speak, denied to both of these great authorities, and thus her own invaluable place in the field of discussion. Hitherto, when young men and women have come to us, as they so often do, for advice on questions of the sex relation in marriage, we have given them Havelock Ellis's precious volume, entitled "Little Essays in Love and Virtue." Henceforth we shall give them in addition this book by Margaret Sanger.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*(1) "The Medical, Social, Economic, Moral and Religious Aspects of Birth Control," by S. Adolphus Knopf, M. D. Published by the Author.

(2) "Birth Control and the State," by C. P. Blacker. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

(3) "Happiness in Marriage," by Margaret Sanger. Published by Brentano's.

The Origin of Contemporary Ideas

After laying down this book,* written by a brilliant member of the equally brilliant department of philosophy at Columbia, Dr. Randall, Jr., the reviewer fell to thinking not only of the past few centuries but upon the problems which loom across the threshold of the new century. We seem to have reached a time in which there is abroad in men's minds an instinctive feeling that we are entering a new era. Curiously enough, in spite of the apparent basic evaluation given

*"The Making of the Modern Mind," by John Herman Randall, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Co.

to the past few centuries whether by Randall, Barnes, Robinson, etc., there is complete absence of any indication from those who know and speak as to the direction in which the path of future progress lies. Upon second thought—they do know and do tell and admonish us—but what is the modus operandi and what form of pedagogy must be resorted to? With vested interests such as church and state deliberately blocking the Randalls and the Robinsons—it does seem almost hopeless whether the "making of any creative mind" is probable for a long time to come.

In the department of social affairs, change and transition have taken place, but despite the advances which science has made, it must be confessed there is no science of human society properly so-called. We are as primitive and stupid as ever and have conscripted science with magic persuasiveness to glorify our stupidity and its resulting despairing futility. We are walking around in circles and just perniciously unwilling to heed the advice of those who have penetrated into the innermost recesses of accumulated human knowledge.

In Randall's indispensable "The Making of the Modern Mind"—history, economics, politics, and to our mind the most important, the attitude of science to religion throughout the centuries since "The Coming of Age of the Western Peoples"—roughly since the Renaissance—are expertly and comprehensively dealt with. The whole plan of Western civilization to date is revealed to us and revealed to the pre-heretic Bishop Browns in an entirely new and cataclysmic light.

In spite of our pessimism—the changes taking place in the minds of thinking men and women everywhere respecting the great social and religious problems are indeed heartening. We or our fathers have lived through a period when the very foundations of human thought have been rebuilt. Out of the confusion of change and perplexity there is already to be seen the beginnings of a definitely formulated conception for future use. Evolutionary science will yet be the arbiter of social morals and progress and the schools of theology will have their choice of sheepishly following or decently dying.

No one who reads Randall's book, and who engages in serious study of the present period of Western civilization, can resist the conclusion that we are rapidly approaching a time when we shall be face to face with problems graver and more far-reaching than any we have thus far encountered.

Such are the thoughts stirred by Randall. No student or anyone with intelligence should be without this work. "The Drama of Salvation," "The Revolt from the Medieval Church," "The Revolt from Feudalism," "The Newtonian World-Machine," "The Conflict of Social Ideals," "Growth and Evolution," "Religion in the Growing World," "Philosophic Reactions"—all these chapters and more—well written and treated in the most comprehensive and authoritative manner—bespeak the scholarship of Professor Randall; and reenforced with references and a selected list for collateral reading makes the book invaluable to the reflective student and discriminating reader.

This book, this survey, gives in compact form the scholarly data necessary for the proper understanding of the great forces which have been operating in Western civilization.

Like Barnes and Robinson—Dr. Randall points the way out of our incompetence and inertia by weakening, through understanding, the unreasoning awe in which we stand toward the past and so-called "wisdom of the ages."

Some may think that there are notable omissions but judgment here is relative. The chief epochs or stages, we believe, have been considered. None presented in the book could have been omitted if historic continuity was to be maintained.

"The Making of the Modern Mind" is indeed necessary to the mind laying claim to modernity. The demand of this urgent theme is inescapable, and creative thinking is our only saviour.

M. Carl Beck.

Correspondence

Prohibition Again!

Editor of Unity:

Dear Sir:—Of the many journals that come to my desk none is awaited more eagerly than Unity, and what I admire about you most is your tremendous fund of enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is the privilege of youth, but he who retains it through his middle years and even to his ripe old age, as dear, genial Jenkin Lloyd Jones did, has indeed discovered the perennial fountain of youth. But enthusiasm, being after all, based upon the emotions, is a double-edged sword, and he who is blessed with it, and would retain logical judgment, must take care lest his emotions overshadow his reasoning powers, and no subject can be reasoned out logically unless emotions and reason are allowed their sway in due proportion.

The trouble with your attitude towards Prohibition is due to your enthusiasm, not that I would differ with you one iota as to the diagnosis of the disease besetting the body social, where I assume a different standpoint, is, as to your therapeutics, for as long as nature produces alcohol in abundance and superabundance, so long will it be impossible to cure the drink evil by Prohibition, no more than prostitution has been done away with by laws enacted against it.

Ever since we had organized government in this country, laws prohibiting prostitution have been on our statute books, without avail, and still, there are millions of chaste women, and hundreds, yes perhaps thousands, of chaste men all over these United States. These women and men have not become chaste on account of the laws of the land, but because of the training of centuries.

Have you ever stopped to think of it, that for centuries we have had a group that was not bothered by excessive drink, that was ever sober and temperate, and did not worry about Prohibition? The Jews, and today there are other groups, as free from desire of drink, as the Jews have been for ages. Your own group, the groups of all trained, developed men and women, have no craving for liquor; it has been trained out from within them, by centuries of right living. What has been done with these groups can be done with all humanity, but you are wasting time, wealth and energy to try to do from without what should be done, and can be done, most effectively from within. With the same amount of effort, money and men spent on education that you would pay out for Prohibition, miracles can be accomplished; for, remember, the drunkard has a mighty ally in nature.

If the effort at Prohibition is continued it will attain the same result as the laws against prostitution have—the laws will remain on our statute books, a dead letter, but alive sufficiently to afford a rich living to hundreds and thousands of officials who will have to be bribed by the drunkard, just as today they are being bribed by the prostitute.

You have the privilege of being blessed with a tremendous fund of enthusiasm, but do not forget that with every

The Field

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

VALIDATING AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP OF HINDUS

After several months' persistent efforts on the part of Mrs. and Dr. Taraknath Das of New York, who are now in Washington, a Bill to validate American citizenship of those Hindus who were duly naturalized by the United States Courts, before February, 1923, has been introduced by Hon. David A. Reed, Senator from Pennsylvania. It is to be hoped that this bill will be passed, as it has the support and sympathy of various administration officials. The passing of this bill will solve the problem of citizenship of a small group of Hindus who were naturalized and their American wives, who are rendered stateless by the ruling of the United States State Department.

ALL ABOARD FOR 100% AMERICAN ARBITRATION

(Concluded)

The National Council for the Prevention of War has just issued a notable pamphlet prepared by Noel Field, active member of the Boston Fellowship of Youth for Peace, entitled "Banishing War Through Arbitration." This pamphlet contains a careful comparative study of pre- and post-war treaties between the nations of the world providing for various forms of judicial settlement of controversies and thus raising new legal barriers against war and the war system of greater or less inclusiveness. A glance at our old comparative tables provided by Mr. Field, which resemble paradigms of irregular verbs, provokes the conclusion that the United States is suffering in this as in many other respects from an acute case of arrested development. Denmark, Germany and Uruguay are far in the lead in the international race for the substitution of law for war and, aside from the admirable Bryan treaties, but three of which are now "in form and moving," the only extant American treaty worthy of honorable mention in the long list is one concluded in June, 1924, between the United States and Sweden; and that is of the old, obsolete "Elihu Root type" that excluded all disputes which either party claims to be of a non-legal nature (i. e., not relating to interpretation of a treaty), and all which affect the "vital interest, independence or honor of the contracting state!" Poor, obsolescent, self-righteous, morally moth-eaten but splendidly isolated Uncle Sam! Is it not about time for us to revise our opinion of him as a leader of the civilized world and take him to the tailor's to get him measured for a fashionable and fitting suit of arbitration togs?

Are the great nations of Europe any less honorable than we? Are they any less concerned with the defense of their vital interests and national independence than we? Certainly not; but they have learned that both their honor and their interests are compatible with law, defensible by the processes of law and that going to war is to become an international menace and an outlaw. Many of them have, therefore, staked their honor and their interest upon treaties that establish peaceable processes of conciliation and adjudication. Shall we not do likewise? Or do we wish to stand as exemplar and champion before the world of the unrestricted right of murder and of practicing conscription in preparation for murder? The answer in the eloquent and convincing words of our friend, Noel Field, is as follows:

"If the people can be brought to understand the definite advantages of arbitration over war as a means of settling disputes, and to believe that both parties are more likely to receive justice at the hands of an impartial tribunal than through submarines, airplanes, and poison gas, then they will no longer countenance war as an institution and they will oppose every government which asks them to fight and be killed rather than arbitrate. The saving in human life, energy, money and good will through arbitration is so immense that no person with any knowledge of the facts can fail to realize the criminality and absurdity of war. War may or may not be justified, so long as no other instruments for settling international controversies are created; but once the means are provided, as today they are, there can be no justification for a resort to arms and no excuse for the nation which undertakes it.

A people, thus enlightened with the simplest knowledge of what is involved in arbitration and in war, will embark upon a great preparedness program of "outlaw war" treaties with all other countries. Then, when a "national emergency" arises, they will be proud to oppose the war-cries of the military party with a determined "Let us arbitrate!"

They will be proud to do this, and strengthened in doing it because the law and the prophets will then be on their side in the next struggle between Azrael and Mammon, and the lawless profits of sovereign highjacking and banditry will be outlawed. Arbitration is the sesame to peace!

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

The Arbitrator.

THE PURPOSE OF THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT*

A Statement by Dr. Felix Adler

The purpose of the Ethical Movement, of which the Ethical Society is a part, is to inspire its members with a certain ideal, namely, that of the Ethical perfection of human society as the supreme aim of man on earth—an aim to which all others should be subordinate and subservient.

The purpose of the Ethical Move-

---

privilege there goes a corresponding duty, in this case to guard yourself lest your overbubbling enthusiasm becloud your reasoning powers, making you see a warped picture, where a clear view is obtained when reason and emotions are permitted to act in due proportion.

LEO KAUL.

Chicago, Illinois.

The Problem of the Machine

Editor of UNITY:

In your issue of September 27th I note the long letter by Richard B. Gregg, which you reprint from *Current Thought*, of India.

Nowhere in it does the writer show any realization of the fact that the unit or basis of measurement in the transfer of work (whether direct or stored) from one person to another has anything to do with the evils which he tells of; not even mentioning "differentiation of pay," and "lowest wages." Yet, it is because, as far back as reliable records take us, human beings have generally measured their transfers of work by results rather than (on both sides) by the duration of the work itself, that the evil of "exploitation" existed in the past and exists today. It matters not whether it was "little" or is much, it is the taking of human work without the giving of human work in return that is the trouble.

To be sure, when one works in such a way that a long day's work will produce little more than enough to keep one and one's children alive and fairly well, no master can take much work from one; but that does not change the fact of robbery—nor mean that we should do as much work as we can to get as little as possible from nature! But it is the key to the difference in the size of the old-time and the present-time gulf between the very poor and the very rich. *But the key root of the robber system was there all the time.*

The custom of measuring by results produces and sustains the incentive of "greed"; but the measuring of work strictly by its duration—both in buying and in selling it—would put the merit incentive in power over human actions. Once that is done, no amount of power-driven machinery is going to produce the miseries the writer complains of.

If all trading—whether with one's adjoining neighbor or with the neighbor on the other side of the globe were done on the hour for hour of adult human work basis, a natural balance between the use of power-driven machinery and hand manipulated tools would result, so that rapid production of some things would be combined with skilled hand production of others. The benefits of both methods would then be secured by all.

"Unemployment" is "inherent in modern industry" *only to the extent that modern industry is based on the use of the result unit of transfer.* The substitution of the work unit of *exchange* would put an end to the evils, leaving us the benefits of power-driven machinery.

It is *not* fewer dealers that we need, but *equal freedom among adults to satisfy their desires.*

Let all learn that it is *not* the method of production but *the method of measuring transfers of work,* that is keeping the human race enslaved as it seems to have been doing from the very dawn of human history.

Phoenix, Arizona. VAUGHN BACHMAN BROKAW.

ment is to inculcate in its members the most earnest desire to realize this ideal in their own lives.

The Ethical Movement declares that to live ethically is to attain to life by promoting the best life in others, never seeking to thrive at the expense of other life.

The Ethical Movement affirms that it is possible so to live without a formulated creed or philosophical doctrine, to have an implicit religion without an explicit religion.

We do not therefore disown or disparage the far out-reachings of religion, or the philosophical reflections of profound thinkers. On the contrary, we consider them to be invincible manifestations of the higher nature of man, but we hold that their value, in the last analysis, is tested by the degree to which they illuminate the ethical ideal and actually affect the conduct of men.

We seek to take over whatever is vitally true in the moral experience of the generations that preceded us, but at the same time to restate the moral truths transmitted from the past in terms more conformable to present needs, and above all ourselves to add to the fund of moral truth, as far as our utmost searchings may avail.

The Ethical Movement seeks to preserve the ethical ideal from petrifying, no matter how sublimely conceived at any time, in the belief that it must ever be a growing ideal, and that it will become more convincing and radiant as the developing intellect and character of men shall achieve new insights.

Finally, the Ethical Movement affirms that to contribute to the perfection of mankind is the sovereign good, for nations and for social groups, no less than for individuals. They who make this creative ethical task their object will never be distracted with the doubt whether life is or is not worth living. The outlook on that sublime goal will give them courage to meet life greatly, whatever its exigencies, to persist in their endeavors, despite endless failures and in contempt of every specious success, to discover a finer happiness in life's joys, and to see the star of hope and faith beyond life's sorrows.

*This statement was prepared by Dr. Adler in response to a request by the Trustees of the Society for Ethical Culture in New York. The statement was presented to the American Ethical Union in St. Louis, October 7th, 1926; and the convention by formal vote requested that it be published in *The Standard* and reprinted for general distribution.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

3913 Cottage Grove

Tel. Atlantic 1876

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER

SERMON ON THE SEA

by

Mahatma Gandhi

with an introduction by Mr. Holmes, edited by Mr. Muzumdar, Gandhi's Biographer.

Post Paid $1.35

and

UNITY

Yearly Subscription .. 3.00

Two Together 3.25

Sermon on the Sea may be had either singly or in combination from the Unity office.

700 Oakwood Boulevard
Chicago

IN DECEMBER

The holidays, with their rounds of entertainments and festivities, make extraordinary demands upon evening wardrobes. While here is a service which can be depended on to beautifully cleanse and condition each dress garment entrusted to its care.

Schumann & Co
Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 8861 ALL DEPARTMENTS
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3960 Cottage Grove Avenue

DREXEL State Bank

Cottage Grove Ave. and Oakwood Blvd.

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

Your savings and checking account cordially invited

Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars

For Happy Health!

Drink a glassful of Bowman's Milk. You'll like it, for Bowman's Milk is full cream milk. It is always rich and pure. In it are the elements so necessary for happy health!

Make it a habit to drink a glass of Bowman's Milk at every meal.

Insist on

BOWMAN DAIRY COMPANY MILK

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S

4236 Cottage Grove Ave.